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WHITEFISH FEUD

By F. B. Bodsworth

(For the Messenger.)

ALVIN SEATON'S freckled face had a decidedly worried look as he swung the Kofisco's wheel and the Diesel-powered fish tug lined up with the green range lights that pionted the way in to Port Stanton harbor. But in the half-light of the pilot-house none of the crew saw it as Alvin stared sullenly ahead at those two ranges which stood out like small green stars in the darkness of the night. A mass of flickering town lights lay spread out before the throbbing tug marking the home port of the Komar Fish Company, owners of the Kofisco, and their rival the Willis Fish Company.

Gord Loring threw his lanky form down from one of the bunks at the back of the pilot-house and stepped up to Alvin's side.

"You're in for it, Alvin!" he said with a laugh. "George Komar will be waiting on the dock, mad as a wet hen at you for bringing the Kofisco in at this time of the night."

"He doesn't know what it is to be mad, but he'll sure feel like getting mad when he finds out that Walt Willis stole my crew for the Willis Fish Company and that that's what held us up," Alvin answered.

"Walt Willis is determined to back the Komar Fish Company to the wall, isn't he?" Both Alvin and Gord had thought that for a long time, but this was the first time that either had mentioned it.

"Yes, it looks that way," Alvin replied slowly, "and more than that, it looks as if he's going to succeed!"

For the next few minutes no one spoke in the Kofisco's pilot-house. The tug crept slowly up between the Port Stanton piers and then up the harbor towards the fish docks. The Kofisco's searchlight played along the wharf as Alvin guided the tug in towards the group of men waiting there. Out at the front of the group stood George Komar, even at that distance and in the poor light his ruddy, smiling face was very noticeable. Small in body but, as Alvin often told, big in heart, George Komar couldn't get mad if he wanted to. He'd try to be mad at Alvin tonight for getting in to port late, but

more than likely he'd make a poor job of it.

* * *

ALVIN reached for the throttle, threw it back, and with a quiver the Kofisco came to a stop as her powerful Diesels throbbed in reverse. Through a side window in the pilot-house, Alvin saw Komar himself take one of the mooring lines thrown from the deck of the tug. Alvin smiled, that's the kind of fellow he was; owner of four tugs, yet he considered himself no better than his fish shanty workers, any one of whom could have taken that line. But Alvin's smile gave way to a look of concern. How was he to tell Komar of what had taken place that morning when all of his crew except Gord Loring had left the Kofisco to work on the Willis tugs? Komar wouldn't know about it yet. It was going to be hard to tell him of another Willis victory.

The Komar Company with four tugs and the Willis Company with six were the only fishing firms in Port Stanton and they were continually at each other's throat. Walt Willis was doing well but for the past year or so Komar had been going gradually behind. Things looked prosperous enough with the Komar Company and just last fall they had had the Kofisco built, the finest and best equipped tug in Port Stanton harbor, but in spite of outward appearances, Alvin knew that things were not just right. Continual competition with the Willis tugs, the loss of one of the Komar tugs in a blow a year before and the traditional habit of fishermen's luck occasionally going bad had combined to put the Komar Company in a position where they were hard pressed.

The Kofisco bumped against the dock piling, heels thumped on her steel deck plating as someone jumped aboard, and then the round, reddened face of George Komar appeared in the pilot-house doorway.

"Only about three hundred pounds, eh?" Komar had apparently noticed that there were only two squares of whitefish on the stern deck as he jumped aboard.

"Fishing's pretty light," Alvin answered and switched on his pilot-house lights.

"What kept you so late, then?" Komar asked, as he stepped inside.

For a couple of seconds Alvin remained silent. He stared at his boss's face; for the first time he noticed there a tight-lipped mouth, a pair of narrowed eyes and a furrowed brow—evident signs of worry. And now he must report another Willis victory, something to make those furrows deeper and mouth more tight-lipped than ever.

"When I came down to the tug at four this morning, Gord Loring was the only fellow here," Alvin began, then paused. "The rest of them have quit;

Willis stole them by offering higher wages than he intends to pay."

George Komar didn't act surprised. Willis had been playing that kind of tricks ever since he first founded his company almost two years ago and Komar had long since become hardened to their first biting effects.

"Fishermen are scarce in Port Stanton now," Alvin resumed, "and Willis is fitting up another of his tugs so he needed a crew. I had quite a time locating two more fishermen so we'd be able to lift our nets today. I got Les Barton and Jim Medlin and was an hour late in getting out this morning and one man short on my crew."

George Komar stepped forward and put his hand on Alvin's shoulder.

"None of my other skippers would have gone to that trouble; they'd have stayed in port today. You're young and you haven't had the experience that some of my captains have had, Alvin, but it's things like this that make me think that you're the best skipper I've got."

The little man stepped to the door, then down onto the deck. Another defeat on his shoulders, Komar walked across to the dock.

Komar was in the fish shanty office a couple of minutes later when Alvin stepped in.

"I just wondered what whitefish are worth today," Alvin explained his entry.

"Price is going up rapidly on account of Easter; the Jews in New York City make a big market at this time of the year. Forty-eight cents a pound was the last word we got a couple of hours ago."

Alvin whistled in surprise.

"Going pretty high, aren't they?" he exclaimed.

Komar leaned over his desk and his eyes narrowed onto Alvin.

"They've got to go high or else the Komar Fish Company is done, Alvin," he said.

Alvin had known it for a long time, but this was the first time that Komar had said anything about the financial troubles to him. He stared back at his boss, mouth open, as if he were surprised.

"If these two and three hundred pound lifts continue," Komar resumed, "I'm afraid we're done for. But if you can go out there and bring back a ton each night for the next two days while this price lasts, it'll put us on our feet again."

"I'm fighting for you; I'll do all I can!"

George Komar smiled as Alvin backed towards the door.

"We'll keep going as long as we can! Won't we, Alvin?"

Alvin had just finished his late dinner when someone knocked at the front door of the Seaton home. When he first opened the door Alvin couldn't tell just who it was in the darkness, but when Rendall Willis, the son of George Komar's rival, stepped through the doorway into the light Alvin started. About Alvin's age, Rendall was much shorter, but broad shouldered and thick-chested. Dark blue eyes looked up mysteriously at Alvin from beneath black, bushy brows but Alvin could just stare back dumbfounded.

"Dad asked me to tell you that there was a position on one of our tugs if you wanted to quit George Komar," Rendall stated.

"Quit Komar! Why should I want to quit Komar? He's always treated me square."

Rendall lowered his head and glanced up slyly.

"I'm afraid you won't have a job much longer if you stick with the Komar Company," he said.

Alvin's mouth opened in surprise, then gradually the astonishment gave way to anger. Willis was even trying to steal him from Komar now! Komar himself had said just a few hours ago that Alvin was his most trustworthy skipper and now they were offering him a job on a Willis tug!

But just before he was about to thunder back at Rendall and order him to leave his home his thoughts took a different turn. He thought of what would happen when the Komar Company did fall through and it surely looked as if that was going to happen. Out of work, his mother and a home to keep, Alvin would be lucky to find another steady job in Port Stanton, and before long he and his mother would be on relief. On the Willis tugs he could be sure of steady work and before long he would probably be holding a skipper's position again. Would he accept?

He glanced at Rendall Willis beside him. A leering smile covered Rendall's face as he awaited Alvin's answer. And then Alvin pictured George Komar, the ruddy, little face smiling kindly as usual. Alvin was Komar's most trustworthy skipper. Komar had said so just a few hours before. "We'll keep going . . . " Komar had said, as if Alvin were almost a business partner.

"I don't wan't your job," Alvin answered, his voice a little husky.

The little gasoline tug, Stanton Lass, with her skipper Rendall Willis at the wheel, was just chugging past the Komar fish dock when Alvin jumped aboard the Kofisco at four o'clock the next morning. Alvin's crew was still one man short, for he had been unable to find another fisherman the night before, but with Gord Loring and the two others he had hired yesterday morning he set out for the nets. When the Kofisco reached the harbor mouth, the lights of the Stanton Lass were half a mile ahead in the early morning darkness on a course a little to the eastward of the Kofisco's course. But two hours later when Alvin checked down the Kofisco's engine and the crew pulled aboard the flag buoy that marked the inside end of their nets, the Stanton Lass had become a small dot on the eastern horizon.

The Kofisco's net puller began to grind and as minutes passed, fathom after fathom of dripping white gill net came aboard. Alvin stood in the pilot-house doorway and watched those first few fathoms come over the rail. His eyes glistened, he smiled at Les Barton who stood tailing the puller. Every few feet a big jumbo whitefish was flapping and struggling against the twine that held it.

"There's a big lift of whitefish in those nets!" Alvin yelled and with his face wrapped in one big smile he hastily pulled on his oilskins and rubber boots.

Tailing the puller himself he sent Les back to the stern to start picking the fish out of the nets with Gord Loring and Jim Medlin. An icy wind blew in beneath the turtle deck covering and drops of water that dripped from the nets froze instantly to be whipped up like fine buckshot against Alvin's cheeks.

Three hours later the flag buoy at the outside end came aboard and peeling his water-soaked gloves from numbed fingers, Alvin dragged the last box of nets back to the stern.

"How many do you think there are?" Alvin asked.

"Nineteen or twenty hundred, anyway," Jim Medlin said, not even taking the time to look up from the box of nets beside him.

Alvin glanced around at the boxes of glistening fish that cluttered the deck. A ton of whitefish, and worth somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty cents a pound! He grabbed his sou' wester from his head and threw it for all he was worth against the side of the cabin.

"Hurray for the Komar Fish Company!" he yelled and whistling some tune, he didn't know what, Alvin started up the deck towards the pilot-house to get his fish pick. Skipper or not, he was not too good to pick out fish when there was a one-ton lift of whitefish aboard.

In the pilot-house Alvin paused for a few seconds and gazed off through the frost-rimmed panes towards the east. During the past couple of hours while they had been pulling their nets, the Kofisco and Stanton Lass had come to within two or three miles of each other, but apparently Rendall Willis had already set his gang of nets back into the lake, for he was under way

(Please turn to Page 12.)

The Player From Elmdale

by GORDON PHILIP ENGLAND

Headward

READERS HAVE MET

GEORGE WARREN "the player from Elmdale" now champion goalie of the Silver Lake "Beavers",
TOM EVANS, captain of the "Beavers", **ALEX CATTLEY**, and **HIRAM WOODARD**, players on the team.
DORIS CARTER, attractive Elmdale girl, and **DICK**, her brother, friends of George.
ROSE WHITE, lively independent sixteen-year-old who resents George's good advice and insists on seeing "the **PARKMAN GIRLS**"—and following their not-so-good leadership
Then comes the match between Elmdale and Silver Lake, and George does not turn up on the team. Slim, one of the players, asks Doris where he is, but she does not know.
When George does arrive, late, he can give no explanation and is dismissed from the hockey squad in disgrace. Doris remains a loyal friend, but Tom will have nothing more to do with his former pal. George, left out of all the fun, starts home from skating alone in a storm. Tom fears for his safety and follows him. A desperate search ends in George being found, his team mates forgiving him and reinstating him on the hockey squad.

"THAT'S twice I've been wrong about you, Granite Wall," said Alex Cattley. "Say, if you want to kick me, go ahead. And kick hard!"

"Too risky," grinned George. "If we want to beat the Tigers we can't afford a cripple on the squad. . . . Suppose we just shake hands again, instead."

As hands met in a hearty grip, the others watched with satisfaction.

"We'll win that cup now," predicted Bruce Macey with conviction. . . .

But on a momentous night one week later, with the third period of the Silver Lake-Elmdale game nearly finished, it looked as though Bruce's prediction had been over-optimistic. Both teams had displayed a championship brand of hockey that evening. But the boys in the green-and-black, playing on their own ice before a wildly enthusiastic gallery of home town supporters, had held a slight edge over the Silver Lake squad. With only three minutes to go, the Tigers were leading 2—1.

Three minutes to go! In hockey, perhaps the fastest game known to man, history has been made in less time than that. But now, with Bruce Macey serving time in the penalty box, and with Elmdale at full strength, the situation appeared virtually hopeless.

Yet Tom, a born fighter if there ever was one, gritted his teeth and refused to abandon hope. Swiftly he made his decision. Until now, he had been playing a close-checking game, but now he would play wide-open hockey.

The whistle had blown and Alex and Harvey Nault faced off well inside of Beaver territory. Nault secured the puck and passed to Doug Shepherd, who tried to slip it in past George. But George, too quick for him, stopped the hurtling piece of rubber and cleared it to Hiram Woodard. Woodard passed to Slim Jackson, and Jackson carried the puck out to mid-ice, then as Carter rushed in to check him, passed the rubber across to Tom.

Taking the puck, Tom adroitly dodged Shepherd's attempt to body check, crossed into Tiger territory and bored in towards the Elmdale net. Nick Ellis dashed to stop him—but too late. He was still a yard away when Tom shot. And so fast and straight was his drive that the redoubtable Wallace failed to get a stick on it. Sure and true it sank deep in a corner of the Elmdale net!

What a yell went up then from Silver Lake fans!

The puck was thrown back to centre-ice. Jubilant over his success, Tom prepared for a new and decisive attack. For if the score remained tied at the end of the third period and the play went into overtime, anything might happen. Both teams were tired, yet of the two the Elmdale squad seemed the fresher and in an overtime period that fact might tell heavily in the Tigers' favor. By sheer strength they might wear the Beavers down. If Silver Lake were to win, it should be now.

His penalty ended, Bruce came sprinting back from the penalty box. Strengthened by three minutes of enforced rest, he might prove a valuable asset now.

But in the face-off, Elmdale again secured the puck and put on a power play against the Silver Lake goal. Then it was that Granite Wall proved beyond shadow of doubt that he was the most dependable and efficient goalie in the Forest and Lake League. Repeatedly with stick, skates or body he blocked shots that seemed to be labeled "Goal", then, skating from between the goal posts cleared the puck into the possession of Beaver players. At last, he passed a still sizzling puck to Slim Jackson, who relayed it to Bruce Macey. It was then that Bruce seized opportunity by the horns and put on the most sensational star play of the season. Crossing his own blue line, he went right through the Tiger defence like a knife slicing through cheese. Down through mid-ice, across into the Tiger zone—and straight for the Elmdale cage. Crouched low, with all the force and speed of his tremendous momentum, he drove in the puck. No goalie in the league—not even Granite Wall himself—could have stopped that shot. Wallace made a desperate try at it, missed by inches—and it went right home. And Silver Lake leaped out ahead for the first time that night!

That goal by Bruce Macey practically ended the contest. With twenty seconds of play remaining, Elmdale stormed about the Silver Lake goal. George was still resolutely holding back the rush when the final bell rang.

The great match was over. By a tight score of three to two, the Beavers had won championship and cup!

A slender, graceful blonde girl dashed from the spectators' stands and raced across the rink to George. Eagerly he caught her outstretched hands in his. A great surge of happiness almost overpowered him.

"Oh, George," cried Doris, "you were wonderful. I'm sorry we had to lose—but I'm glad you won!"

Her words thrilled the goalkeeper as nothing else had done. His team mates had doubted him, then had made amends and been forgiven—but Doris had never faltered. Through all those bitter, trying days she had trusted him.

George struggled for words.

"Doris—," he began.

But he had no time to say more just then. For, like a mighty, irresistible wave, the cheering Silver Lake fans surged in, hoisted the Beavers to their shoulders, and bore them away.

The End.

KAPUSKASING-WINNIPEG IS LONGEST T.C.A. HOP

The 2,839 miles of the Trans-Canada Air Lines route between Moncton and Vancouver are covered in eight hops, with stops at Montreal, Ottawa, North Bay, Kapuskasing, Winnipeg, Regina and Lethbridge. The logest hop is from Kapuskasing, in Northern Ontario, to Winnipeg, a distance of 667 miles, taking four hours and 20 minutes. The entire prairie stretch, between Winnipeg and Lethbridge, in sight of the mountains, is only 33 miles longer and it is broken by a stop at Regina.

Next to the Kapuskasing-Winnipeg hop in distance comes the section between Lethbridge and Vancouver. The jump across the Rockies—469 miles—is made in three hours.

Bengal—(C. P.)—First Indian to fill the post, Dr. Bidhan Chunder Roy has been elected president of the Medical Council of India, succeeding Major General E. W. Bradfield.

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

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READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail. Then Jock repays this kindness by warning Jean and Donald that Robert Fairbairn has turned the rougher-class men against them. A riot is started and the "Shelter" is destroyed by fire, Donald and Jean barely escaping. Donald, now out of work, tries hard to get a worthwhile job. Meeting with continued failure he gets completely discouraged. Jean enlists the aid of Arnold M'Nair. He, in helping her, gives her a new vision of life and Christianity. Robert Fairbairn, anxious for these two to marry, begins joking Arnold about being in love with Jean

ARNOLD was not prepared for this reception. He felt uncomfortable. "I wasn't thinking along those lines, Mr. Fairbairn," he said, forcing a laugh, despite the annoyance he felt.

"That's all right. Think I don't know young love when I see it?" His voice dropped to a note of confidence. "I'd sooner see Jean a minister's wife than anything else. Of course, I know that many young ministers have to hesitate before taking such a step—feel they want to save up, to feel secure but in this case—"

Arnold felt himself growing angrier. He held himself in check, however, as he said slowly, "I think I ought to tell you—"

Fairbairn, however, was far enough recovered to be able to talk on without feeling any great strain. "I know what your feelings must be. Jean, however, will not go into married life a pauper exactly. I've had some shares tucked away for years to serve this very purpose—even the fire at the docks has not destroyed their value, You'd both be assured of a comfortable little nest egg on which to start your life together—"

Arnold wanted to laugh. True, he was still angry, but the sight of this blundering man, imagining that he was playing the part of a tactician, was altogether too much for seriousness. He bit his lip. He managed to break in with, however, "I think Mr. Fairbairn, you're taking too much for granted."

"I'm not," snapped Fairbairn, angry himself now, perhaps having seen that faint smile on the minister's face. "The time has gone by for beating about the bush. I'm offering you something once and for all. You'll be a fool if you turn it down. It's obvisious to me that there are only two possibilities in Jean's life—that fool of a nephew of mine and you. I'm determined she's not going to marry Donald. That leaves you. You're Jean's choice. I'm telling you straight to save further complications."

Arnold had not time to see the faulty logic of the argument. He saw only an exceedingly wilful man who was prepared to go to any lengths to further his ends. The utter selfishness of the amn amazed him. He seemed to think that a bundle of shares, or anything representing money, could purchase anything in earth or heaven.

The minister looked down upon him sadly. "Mr. Fairbairn, if I were to take you up on the logic of your last statement—"

"I don't believe in logic—I believe in commonsense," blustered th other.

Arnold shrugged. It was useless to reason with a man whose mind ran in its own appointed groove of obstinacy. "As a thinker, Mr. Fairbairn," began Arnold on a new line, "I must say—"

"You're not paid to think—you're paid to preach—" All the old bluster had come back to him.

* * *

"THEN I'm going to do a bit of preaching now," Arnold said with flashing eyes. "I've been false to my Master long enough listening to your wretched humbug—"

For a moment it looked as though Fairbairn was going to choke. He became speechless as the color mounted on his face. When he did attempt to say something the sounds that issued were completely unintelligible.

"Calm yourself," cried Arnold. "Let us face all the facts like men."

"Face—face—facts?"

"That is what I said. I can see quite clearly at what you are aiming. You want to get that unwelcome nephew out of the country—and you think I'm the best means you can use for doing so. You're afraid to proceed against Donald, although you think he was involved in the fire. You're afraid to go to him yourself. You'll never feel happy until he's left Scotland. So you argue if Jean marries the minister he will go. If I make it worth the minister's while to marry her he will not hesitate—the complexities will be removed and—"

Fairbairn rose from his chair, his hand shaking, his eyes gleaming. "Young man, I warn you. I am not used to being insulted in my own house. If I report you to the Session for grossly insulting a respected elder —"

"That threat leaves me cold," retorted Arnold. "I've to-day taken a step, made a decision—"

Fairbairn suddenly paused in his rough onward course of expressed anger. He changed his tone. "Ah, so you're clearing out—got a better call —a higher stipend. Well, it's about time you went. But if I have to drag you through a Court you're going to be made to apologise for that gross slander—"

"Listen!" Arnold's voice sounded through the room like a pistol shot. There was a new note of authority in it. It made Fairbairn pause in consternation. Somehow it made him realise clearly that he had met his match at last; that this formerly docile minister had suddenly appeared with all the terrifying judgments of an Elijah. He could not do anything else but obey.

"Sit down," Arnold commanded him. "Before you go any further I want to talk to you about a poor man's fortune—"

Fairbairn looked up. Was he frightened or surprised? "You're talking in riddles. Poor man's fortune?"

"In other words," retorted the other quietly, "the will your late father made dividing everything equally between his two sons."

* * *

IF the minister had been a bomber, darting up over the edge of a trench and scattering death with one single deadly throw, Robert Fairbairn, though he might have suffered more, could not have been taken more completely by surprise. As it was, suffering most acute was visible in his face. Beads stood on his forehead. If ever self-assurance was knocked out of a man in a moment the act took place now, the man being Fairbairn.

In his wildest terror-stricken imaginings, it had not occurred to him that the minister knew of this—though he feared that Jean might have come into possession of facts owing to his ravings.

It seemed now that his sin was being shouted aloud from the housetops that, besides the minister, everybody in the world knew of his long-concealed secret.

He found it difficult to speak. He sat in his chair huddled and trembling. He looked like a hunted animal cornered, without the strength, after long pursuit, to turn at bay.

Arnold felt a surge of pity passing through him. Though it was his duty to denounce wrong, to demand in the name of his Lord the full price, it was always a saddening sight to see a wrong-doer trapped. He did not relish the task that was immediately before him.

Somewhat surprisingly, Fairbairn made an effort to rally. He breathed

out, having recovered his voice, "Nothing could be proved. If you're relying on what I told my daughter in delirium—if she's been mean enough to tell you that—taking advantage of her father's illness—"

"We've proof enough," Arnold said, carefully refraining from revealing either way Jean's part in the matter. "Curiously enough, we've got proof out of the Bible—"

Fairbairn seemed to breathe his relief. "The Bible," he sneered. "If you've come here to hurl texts at my head—"

"I haven't! It's only that an acted parable has come to my knowledge. Donald's father left him a Bible. By an irony of circumstance there was a fortune in it for him—something like the story of Granny's old armchair—a poor enough legacy, but a fortune in the lining—"

"What are you talking about," quavered Fairbairn, beginning to look uneasy again.

"Just this. If Donald had ever read his Bible—as his mother hoped he would—he would have come across that copy of his grandfather's will years ago. You see, you forgot one thing, Mr. Fairbairn. When you destroyed the original you never faced the possibility that somebody might have made a copy—"

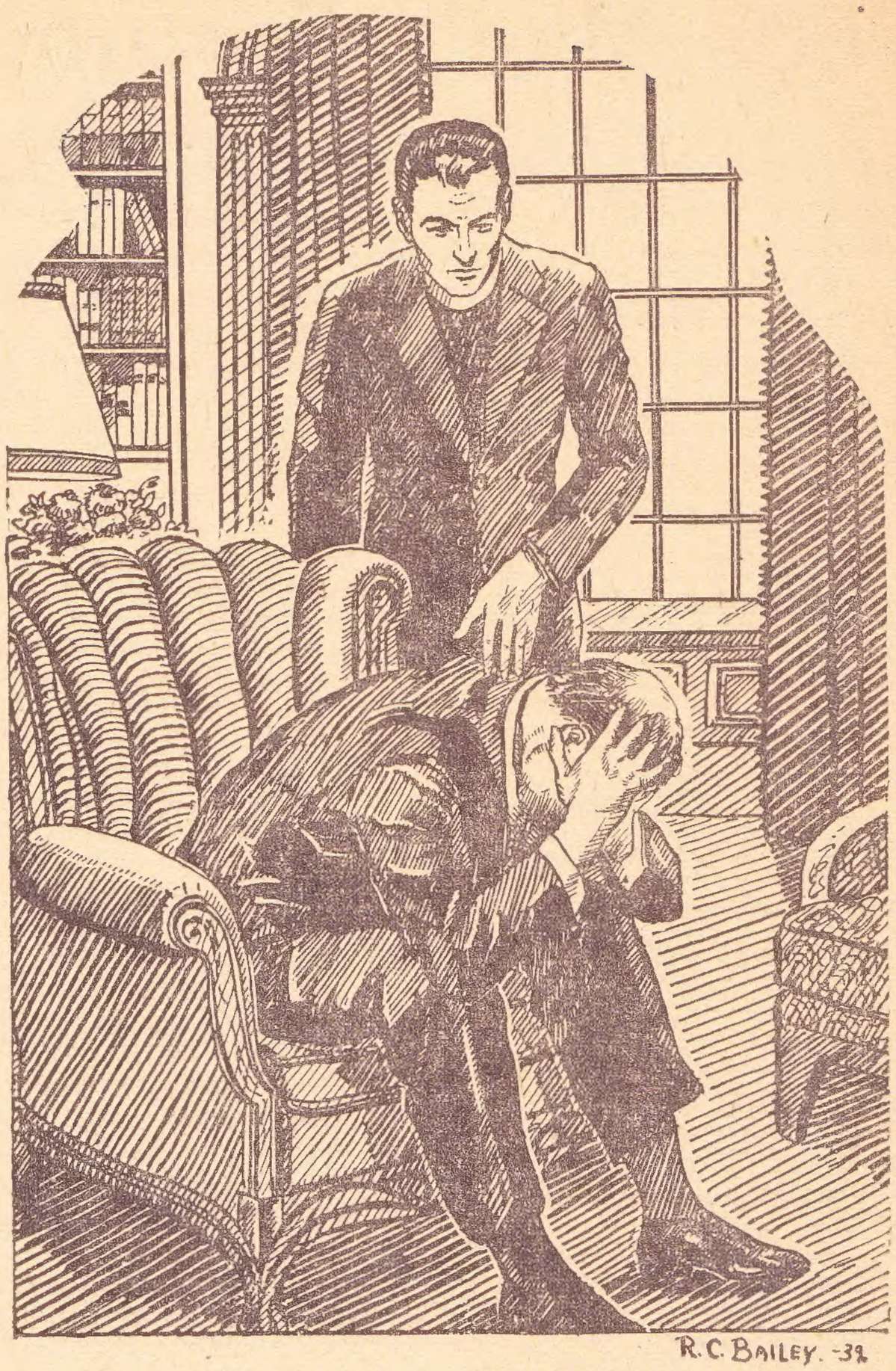
* * *

"THE whole idea is too fantastic for words. I never heard of such rubbish in my life." It was evident that he was finding it more difficult to maintain his air of bombast. He reminded Arnold of the man who let the air out of his tires because the saddle was too high. Fairbairn was completely deflated. All the spirit had gone out of him; though he was desperately seeking to adjust his position to the new startling facts, it was at the cost of what in the past had made for the smooth-running of his life. In admitting the possibility at the first, by askng for proof, he had given himself away.

"There's no doubt about it. Donald and I have been to see the lawyer. He informs us that Donald's mother before her death did take a copy of the will. She kept it in her Bible. Neither father nor son ever read it—and, as a preacher, I cannot help pointing out the parable of the unrealised treasures of life that are hidden away between the covers of the sacred book—"

"But there was another will," cried Fairbairn hoarsely. "The one you refer to was the first. Another one was made when my brother took to drink and disgraced himself, and that was the one on which I inherited." He looked about him fearfully.

Arnold regarded him intently. "The lawyer says he never heard of the existence of another. They advertised for your brother, but he never responed. It was presumed he was dead. You told the lawyer he had gone to New Zealand, when in fact you knew it was to Canada he had gone. There was little chance of a New Zealand paper falling into the hands of a man in the backwoods of Canada. There's no doubt that you stole your brother's inheritance—"



"WHAT AM I TO DO?" HE MOANED.

* * *

A groan escaped from the huddled man on the chair—a sound that indicated he knew that further deception was not possible—that truth had come out at last. Even if he desired now to dissemble, he knew the hopelessness of such a procedure. He dared not look into the burning eyes of the minister. It was as if the Lord God stood there, the Lord God come to Judgment, with flaming hosts of angels, to demand an account of his stewardship.

"What am I to do?" he moaned, burying his face in his hands.

Arnold's compassion led him to take a step forward and place an arm about the man's shoulder. "I would say first of all, try what repentance can do," he said gently. "Before you think of consequences—what this is going to mean to you in your public life—it is your privilege to fall into the arms of Eternal Mercy. The heart of the Eternal is wondrously kind."

Fire blazed up for an instant. "I won't have you preaching to me," he said with something of his old dominance.

"It strikes me there's nothing left for you but preaching—a discovery most men make when they're up against the ultimate facts of Eternity as you are now. If you'll take my advice you'll confess your sin and seek forgiveness. We can talk about putting things right later on. If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

No word came from the man on the chair.

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MARCH 15, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : He bearing His cross went forth.—John 19:17.

Mon. : The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness.—1 Cor. 1:18.

Tue. : Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me cannot be My disciple.—Luke 14:27.

Wed. : God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.- Gal. 6:14.

Thu. : Lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect.—1 Cor. 1:17.

Fri. : I am crucified with Christ nevertheless I live, yet not I but Christ. —Gal. 2:20.

Sat. : They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh.—Gal. 5:24.

The Cross

"The Cross of Christ will Transform the World."

The Cross of Christ should represent for each one of us

—A Redemption to be personally accepted.

—A Revelation to be received.

—A Life to be lived.

—An obedience to God's will to be loyally followed.

—A Cost to be shared in Changing the World.—*Tryst, Australia.*

The Cross

By Dora Byron

His cross was but
A common thing
Of cypress wood.
Upon a tired hill,
Desolate, it stood;
And yet its arms have reached from sea to sea,
Arms so strong that they have set man free;
And love so bright burning long ago
Changing the cross to gold with its glow.
My cross sometimes
Is a weary thing
Too hard to bear,
A tiny ugly thing;
It floods my life
In hopeless care;
But with His love
I, too, will make
That cross of gold,
And pour the dark
Tear - stained wood
Into His mould.
My cross can never
Stretch its arms
From sea to sea,
But it can raise
My heart to God,
And set me free.

—In *Advance.*

Accepting the Cross

THERE was one thing which no Jew nor Roman could touch: that was the inner resistance, or the inner consent, with which Jesus met the Cross. That choice lay within Himself, and He made it in a royal way. "I lay down my life. . . . No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself." He accepted voluntarily the inescapable cross.

The wisdom and the victory of life for us lie in the willingness with which we accept voluntarily the inescapable cross.

For there is a cross. It is woven into the pattern of life itself. It would not be central in the world's supreme religion if it were not central in the world's deepest experience.

What rests with us is not whether there shall be a cross, but how we shall take it; not the nature of the cross for us, but the nature of our reception of it. Life is like that. We can meet it rebelliously, or resignedly, as it comes to us; or we can go out graciously to meet it, and win our greatest victory through it. But we cannot decline to meet it.

Katherine Mansfield says, "There is no question of what is called 'passing beyond it.' This is false. One must submit. . . Take it. Be overwhelmed. Accept it fully. Make it part of life."

I believe that the making voluntary of the inescapable cross is only possible as we let Jesus Christ give to us the faith which underlay His Cross, and illumine our little crosses with His great Cross.—Rev. S. M. Shoemaker in 'Calvary Evangel.'

Redemptive Pain

IT has been said that redemption can only be gained by suffering: that is, the pain of breaking with our sins and finally accepting God's way in everything, no matter what discipline and unselfishness it demands.

* * *

The principal value of this war and the suffering which it brings upon all may be to show us the consequences of being satisfied to get along without God so long as nothing very bad happens.

We are unconscious of the burning need for redemption till faced with the appalling results of compromise with evil.

The Greatest Victory

WE know how the victories of the Creative Spirit are won. All the advances towards co-operation, truth and justice have come through the voluntary devotion of men and women.

There has never been any ground gained from the demonic and destructive powers except by sacrifice and unselfish service. The greatest victory, the decisive victory, over death and destruction was won when there rose from a lonely cross the cry "It is finished."—Dean Matthews.

"What I really desire is that for which I am willing to give up all other things. Am I proving each day my willingness to "sell out" for Christ and His Kingdom's sake? If so, what does that decision ask of me today?"

"POWER comes from God, and Christ on the Cross reconciled us to God. Only He, through His perfect love, sacrifice and obedience, can reconcile unrighteous men with a righteous God from whom they have estranged themselves."

Hands

A village street in Nazareth,
A shop with widely open door,
A Man Who worked with lathe and bench,
Shavings and sawdust on the floor.
Two Hands that knew all tenderness,
Holding the world in mystic sway,
Two Hands that bore a wooden Cross—
And blessed upon the Appian Way.
God, grant that we of work-a-day
Grumbling at the things we do,
May see when life grows troublesome,
The village shop—Your Hands—and You!

—*Mary Moore in 'Sunday at Home'*

Young People's Bible Reading

"He is Risen"

by BEREAN

For Sunday
MARCH 24 1940.
Matthew 27: 57—28:6.

THE Lord Jesus had many disciples besides the twelve apostles. Most of these, no doubt, were Galileans, for it was in Galilee that He had spent most of His public ministry. But many like Mary and Martha and Lazarus were Judeans.

Among these good Judeans were also Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. They both had been afraid to acknowledge themselves openly as His disciples. But now when His enemies seemed to have triumphed, they,—perhaps ashamed of their former timidity, —came forward to do the last sad offices for Him Whom they loved so much.

Joseph "went in boldly unto Pilate and craved the body of Jesus." Nicodemus provided myrrh and aloes with which to bury the body and together they took it to a new tomb which Joseph had hewn out from the rock in his garden. They rolled a great stone against the cave-like opening and went sadly to their homes.

The enemies of the Lord remembered His words. (John 2:19) Words addressed to the disciples (Matt. 20:19) may also have come to their ears.

They probably worked out their procedure while they were in church that Sabbath day. "So the Sabbath evening closed with a strange scene—a guard of soldiers tramping through the quiet garden, the chief priests stretching cords across the opening of the tomb, and sealing them with their signet rings, so they could tell if the tomb had been tampered with." (Paterson Smyth)

THE MOURNING DISCIPLES

The friends and disciples of the Lord Jesus were utterly in despair. "They had not only lost the dearest, truest friend, but had lost all the bright hopes of the future. They had thought that He was the Divine Messiah—to redeem Israel—to found the Kingdom of God —to dwell with them always in power and glory.

"What an awful disappointment and shaking of their trust to see Him arrested, and tried like a common prisoner—helpless in the power of His enemies . . . nailed upon a cross between two common robbers; taunted to come down, and not doing so; . . . at last dying like any ordinary man. . . Surely (they thought) there is an end of all,—their love, their hopes, their future are all buried in the tomb. He could not be the Christ of God, after all. He must have been mistaken. He was good, pure and holy. The noblest heart that ever came from God. But . . . death had conquered Him. Thus they went home . . . with hearts utterly crushed. Two of them were too heart-broken to go home at all. . . Think of the two solitary women sitting there alone as the dark night fell on them, in their passionate, despairing grief, in their deep, hopeless love.

"It was the Sabbath day, when people rested from their work and went to church to worship God. Oh! the misery and desolation of that Sabbath. . . . The men planning sadly to go back to their fishing and tax-gathering, and the women waiting through the night with spices and ointments. . . . How utterly blind to the great joy that was before them. I want you to realize all this, that you may realize more fully the glad surprise of Easter morning. (Paterson Smyth)

"Sing unto the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously." (*Exodus* 15:1)

* * *

The foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea;
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.

Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!

Happy morrow
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth!
Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth.

Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison;
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered—
Christ hath risen!

—*J. M. Neale.*

EASTER MORNING

LATE on the Sabbath. (R.V.)—The Jewish Sabbath really ended at sunset on Saturday. Here Matthew adopts the popular mode of reckoning. He means that the women started "while it was yet dark" and arrived at the tomb in the early dawn.

Women had lingered latest at the tomb on Friday night. They were earliest there on Sunday morning.

"Somehow it seems that their love and devotion were deeper than that of the men. I think it is so generally. Perhaps because women are to be the mothers of the race, and to bring up the little children, God has given them in a very high measure the grace of fidelity and devotion. . . . Their love stronger than death, kept them watching at the tomb after all the others; it brought them to the tomb before all the others. And so the highest honor was given to them. It was a woman who first saw the Lord after He arose. (John 20:14-17) It was women who first received His loving salutation. (Matt. 28:9) And ever since, through His influence, the whole position of woman in the world has changed. Wherever Christianity has power, woman is no longer despised and degraded, as in the olden days, but honored and treated with chivalrous courtesy, according to the will of Christ." (Paterson Smyth)

The women came with their spices and ointments to embalm the body, not knowing that Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus had already done so. They had not heard of the setting of the guard and the sealing of the tomb. Their anxiety was "Who shall roll us away the stone?" (Mark 16:3)

They found that the stone was rolled away. Note Matthew's startling word, "Behold . . . an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Memory Verse

Now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep.
—1 Corinthians 15:20.

DAILY BIBLE READING

FROM MAR. 18 TO MAR. 24.

Mon. —Matthew 27: 57-66.
Tue. —Matthew 28: 1-10.
Wed.—1 Cor. 15: 1-11.
Thu. —1 Cor. 15: 12-19.
Fri. —Psalm 118: 14-24.
Sat. —11 Timothy 2: 1-12.
Sun. Romans 8: 31-39.

Heart-Keeping

HEART-KEEPING is very much like house-keeping. There must be a continual sweeping out of dirt and clearing out of rubbish—a daily washing of dishes, and a perpetual battle with all sorts of vermin.

If heart-cleaning could be done up once for all, then the Christian might discharge all his graces, and have an easy time of it.

And just because the assaults of subtle temptations are so constant and the uprising of sinful passions are so frequent, and the task of keeping the inward man what it ought to be is so difficult, many a one who begins a religious life gets discouraged and makes a wretched failure.

The question with every Christian is: Shall these accursed Amalekites of temptation burn up all my spiritual possessions and overrun my soul? Shall outward assaults or inward weakness drive me to discouragement, and disgrace me before my Master and before the world?

Or shall they drive me to Jesus Christ, who will give me the victory? —Theodore L. Cuyler.

The kingdom that I seek
  Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
  Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
  With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
  Choose Thou my good and ill.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
  In things or great or small,
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
  My Wisdom, and my all.—H. Bonar.

Christians and Total Abstinence

THE meaning of life for the Christian is that he is here in the world to do Christ's will and work.

There is no career so fine, and none makes such high demands on personality. The men who first attempted this supreme adventure, like Paul, found that to see and do Christ's will, a man must be clear and clean in mind and spirit.

Hence the Christian pioneers laid tribute on the knowledge of their day to equip themselves for their manifold ministries as followers of Christ.

Christian discipleship must by its very nature be progressive. Each unveiling of truth vitally concerns the Christian, presenting him with a new counsel, or, it may be, a new impleemnt for the service of the kingdom.

Mankind has learned a new lesson respecting alcohol in our generation, and none should be so quick as the Christian to seize its significance. He is to dedicate to God his body in its fulness of power and resource.

Drink's treachery lowers the value of man, of mind and spirit. In a word, strong drink despoils the best we have to offer God for the ministries of His kingdom.—*The Prohibitionist.*

Forgiveness

THE forgiveness of God exists entirely apart from any conceivable works of ours. The forgiveness of God is something which happens, and which changes human character in its happening. It is an event there and then on Calvary: it is also an event here and now in our hearts.—Geoffrey Allen.

"He is Risen"

(Continued from Page 7.)

rolled away the stone, and sat upon it. . . . And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye. . ."

"'Ye' is emphatic. In contrast with the terror of the soldiers." (Marshall)

"Go quickly and tell His disciples." Mark adds "and Peter." A special message to the apostle who had denied Him and who in his remorse was thinking that he was no longer worthy of being called a disciple. How loving and thoughtful the Lord Jesus is! God is like that.

The women "ran to bring His disciples word. And behold Jesus met them, saying, All hail!"

An so the news went round that glorious morning that the Lord had conquered death. Again and again He showed Himself that day and many days afterward, that His friends—who thought that it was "too good to be true"—might know that the very best is the truest.

"Who Hath Abolished Death"

THE latter chapters of the four Gospels are full of this great joy. It is carried on through the Acts and the Epistles and is the great characteristic of the life and literature of the early Church.

Don't worry because of the little differences between the various accounts in the Gospels. They can all be harmonized. The slight differences indeed are just such as might be expected when people are carried out of themselves with a joy to which they can hardly give expression. The Truth which caused the joy is the great thing, and that Truth is the most certain thing in the world.

The Resurrection of our Lord taken as an historic incident is well attested. Here in the Gospels we have four different accounts woven out of the testimony of many witnesses. St. Paul, writing about twenty years afterwards, quotes a little Gospel record of very early date and tells of at least 250 people alive when he wrote who had seen the Lord after He had risen.

The Resurrection and the living, abiding, presence of her Lord has been the great message of the Church since the beginning. The most destructive "critics" acknowledge the genuineness of the chief epistles of Paul and they, like the rest of the New Testament, glow and throb with this sense of the presence of a Living Christ. This was the faith that sent a few poor Galileans out to conquer the Roman world. And wonder of wonders, they did so.

"This thing was not done in a corner." (Acts 26:26) "We do not follow cunningly devised fables." (2 Peter 1:16) It can't be "explained away." I cannot see how any honest student of history can refuse to accept the evidence. And when we do accept it, it transfigures all life. We are in a miraculous world where God lives and reigns. "Old things are passed away and behold all things are become new." (2 Cor. 5:17)

Miracles *do* happen. The Resurrection is the greatest of miracles. It gives new life to millions today.

Death is conquered. It is "abolished." (2 Tim. 1:10)

No longer must the mourners weep,
  Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep,
  And every grave becomes a bed.

  Now once more
  Eden's door
Opened stands to mortal eyes,
For Christ hath risen and man shall rise!
  Now at last
  Old things past,
Hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ hath won and man shall win!

It is not exile, rest on high;
  It is not sadness, peace from strife;
To fall asleep is not to die:
  To dwell with Christ is better life.

Where His banner leads us,
  We may safely go;
Where our Chief precedes us,
  We may face the foe,
His right hand is o'er us,
  He our guide will be;
Christ hath gone before us,
  Christians, follow ye!

(J. M. Neale.)

Questions

1. Who was Joseph of Arimathea?
2. Why did he go to Pilate?
3. What did he do afterwards?
4. Where did "the two Marys" go early Sunday morning?
5. What happened?
6. What did the angel say to the women?
7. "But now is Christ risen from the dead—". Complete the verse.

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

Mittens to the Rescue

By E. Mills

(Written for the Chums' Mail Bag.)

——:(O):——

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I do not know what the age-limit of the Chums' Page is, but I thought I would write a few lines, and send in a little story that I wrote, which the Chums may find interesting. I am eighteen years old, now, but I wrote to the Chums' page when I was 15 years of age, and was very pleased at the time to have my letter in print.—Edna Mills.

"I'M ready to start for the village, Mother," said young Jim Evans as he buttoned his jacket and pulled a cap over his unruly brown hair. "Have you finished writing down the list of groceries you want?"

"Yes, dear. I don't want much of anything, this time," his mother answered, as she handed him the slip of paper, "You'll hurry back as soon as you're through helping Mr. Green with the butchering, won't you?"

"Yes, I guess so. But don't wait dinner for me. I'll probably be there until around the middle of the afternoon."

Jim started to open the door, but his mother's voice stopped him. "You'd better wear your mittens, son. The weather is warm enough now, but it may get colder, you know. Wait, I'll go get them."

Jim grimaced. "Why do I have to wear mittens? I'm not that tender, am I? I can do without them."

"Perhaps you can," his mother said calmly, as she handed him a pair of thick wool mitts, "but it will do no harm to wear them, son, and you may need them after all. Now, run along and don't forget to hurry back when you're ready."

Jim went out of the house and down the back lane to the road that led around the lake which lay between his home and the village. There was a short-cut across the lake, but Jim wanted to drop in for a chat with a young friend of his, who lived in a house half-way round the lake, so he chose the road, and it was not so very long before he reached the village, and Mr. Green's home.

Mr. Green had a couple of hogs that he was going to butcher, and Jim had promised to help him.

* * *

THE water was already bubbling in the wash-boiler on the kitchen range, ready for scalding the pigs when they had been despatched, and Mr. Green and Jim went out to the hog-pen for their unpleasant task.

They had one hog butchered, and hung up by dinner-time, and after a delicious meal prepared for them by Mrs. Green was over, they had a half-hour of rest before going back to the hog-pen. It was after 2 o'clock when they were finally through, and stood viewing the two good-looking pigs strung up to the lower limbs of a big apple tree.

"Whew!" Mr. Green exclaimed, in an outburst of relief. "I'm glad that's over with. Two of the best hogs I ever had, though."

"They are a good size," agreed Jim. "But Id better be getting along. I have to get a few groceries at the store, and mother told me not to stay any longer than was necessary. It's pretty late, now, as it is.'"

"Right you are, lad," Mr. Green smiled. "I'll pay you for the help later on. Is that all right?"

"Sure," said Jim, heartily. "Well, so long. See you later."

He entered the little village store a few minutes later. There were two or three boys lounging in the corner and at sight of him they called him over.

* * *

"HELLO, Jim," said Arthur Robb, "Going to the big time tonight?"

"What big time? Where?" Jim asked eagerly. He never liked to miss any parties or fun, for it was seldom that anything of interest turned up in this small country village.

"It's a birthday party," they told him, "We're all invited, and we're not going to dress up. How about staying over and coming along with us, Jim? We'd have a swell time!"

"I'm sorry, but——" Jim began, then changed his mind abruptly. "Okay, boys, I'll stay. I guess Mother won't mind."

He knew that she would worry over his prolonged absence, but he dismissed the thought immediately, as he joined the boys in choosing a suitable gift for the girl whose birthday it was.

* * *

IT was 11 o'clock when the party broke up, and Jim felt a twinge of shame, as he hurried toward home, the few packages of groceries tucked under his arm. He took a short-cut across the lake, which had only recently frozen over, but had been traversed several times already, without mishap. It had grown cold during the evening, and an icy wind swept across the unsheltered expanse of snow-filmed ice. But there was a full moon, shining bright in the sky, and he could see the black strip of trees on the farther shore, and walked briskly toward them, impatient now to reach home and explain everything to his anxious mother.

As he neared the centre of the lake, an ominous crack startled him. He sprang back instinctively, dropping his bundles, but he was too late; the next instant the ice smashed to pieces under his feet and he plunged downward into chilly black water.

* * *

IT was so sudden that he hardly knew what was happening, but his hands shot out frantically as the water closed over his shoulders and he had just time to grasp the edge of the ice before he went under. Numb and shivering, he clung desperately for a moment, then he began to shout for help as loudly as the chattering of his teeth would let him. An answering shout sent a thrill of joy through him, but it was soon replaced by a flood of grim despair. Could he hang on long enough to be rescued? It was several hundred yards from the shore to where he had broken through, and he was almost too chilled to keep himself afloat.

An eternity passed, or so it seemed to Jim, as he waited for the men to arrive. Soon he found his fingers growing so numb that there was scarcely any feeling left in them, and he felt that he could not hold on more than a minute longer.

In that horrible moment, he thought of his disobedience to his mother, and wished fervently that he had gone home directly after leaving Mr. Green. If he was saved, he would never disobey her again; the resolution was fixed firmly in his mind as he heard voices a short distance away, and with help so near, his fingers suddenly went limp, and cold darkness engulfed him.

* * *

THE next thing he knew he was in his own bed at home, wrapped in hot blankets and swallowing spoonfuls of steaming soup, while his mother hovered anxiously over him. She had not spoken of anything except his accident, and he realized that she was not going to ask for an explanation, that she was too overjoyed at his escape from drowning to think of anything else.

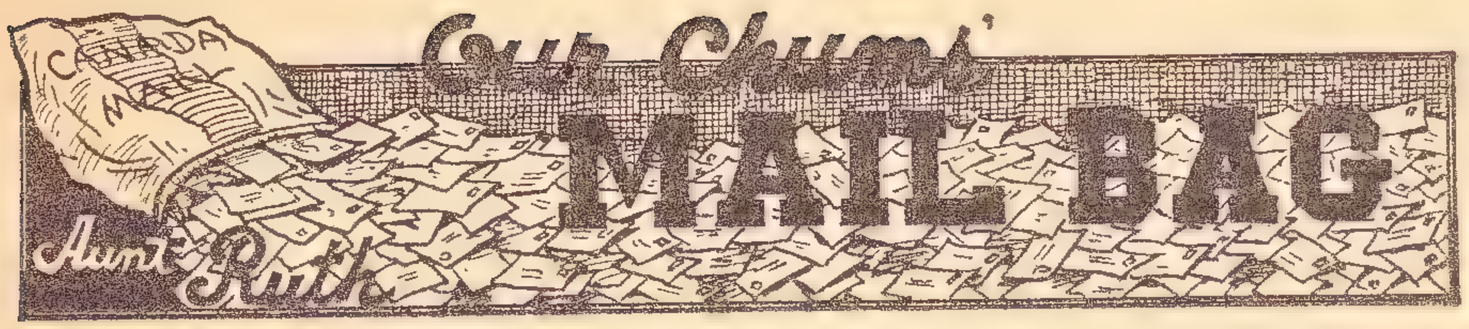
He set the empty bowl aside and looked up at her soberly.

"Mother, I'll never disobey you again. I've learned a lesson that I won't ever forget. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, dear," his mother answered gently, "I'll forgive you. Now try and go to sleep for a little while."

She kissed him, and turned away, but he called her back.

(Please turn to Page 11.)



DEAR CHUMS,—

This Friday, March 22nd, being Good Friday, is a very special day for all Christians. It is the day on which Jesus was crucified on that bare hill outside Jerusalem with crowds of idly curious or pitying people looking on at His suffering. All this He bore willingly in order to demonstrate to the world that God's way of dealing with wicked people was to love them in spite of their sins, and to be willing to die for them. It is good for us to think very seriously on a day like this of what Jesus has done for us and to ask ourselves how much we are doing for Him in return. Try to take a few minutes on Good Friday just to be quiet and to let Jesus show you what more you can do for Him than you are doing.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—For a long time I have been reading the Northern Messenger and have always found the Chums' Page interesting. Many times I have thought of writing to this page, but never made an attempt. Finally I have started.

We are in the 3rd month of 1940. As we hear of war and turmoil from day to day, we wonder what this year will bring, but we can try to live our best. Am trusting all chums including Aunt Ruth had a joyous Christmas, and that you may have a happy and prosperous New Year.

I live in a large town situated along the banks of the beautiful river St. Lawrence. Our King and Queen passed through here when touring in Canada. Aren't they most wonderful sovereigns! The Queen certainly is beautiful.

Once more we are drawing near to Easter, another eventful time. I wish all chums happy Easter holidays.

I take piano lessons and singing lessons out of which I get much pleasure. Reading is my favorite hobby. For pets I have a canary which I call Dick. He is a very tame bird. If I go up to the cage, he will sing in my face, or if he is taken out, he will sing on my brother's shoulder. I wonder how many chums have a canary like mine?

I certainly have enjoyed writing my first letter to the Mail Bag. I would be pleased to have pen-pals. Hoping all chums keep in the best of health, I close. A new chum,—Mildred Giffin, Ont.

TO NORMA JEAN ROBERTSON FROM ISABELLA JEAN ROBERTSON

Dear Norma,—How are you? It is Monday again and another week is under way. How the time does fly. It is not long ago since the New Year began. Well I guess I am a little late, but just the same I wish you a very Happy and Prosperous New Year for 1940.

How many years old are you and how many are there in your family? There are five in our family. I am the oldest. Billy is 9 years old with his birthday on Nov. 20th. Donald will be 6 on June 5th. Edward will be 4 on June 24th. Edith will be 2 on August 5th.

I go to Crossland Public School and am in Grade 8, which is a class of 13. We have a Junior Red Cross Club in our school and I have been a member for two years. Last year we got a gold pin with a Maple Leaf and this year a purple pin with a Maple Leaf. Our motto is "I serve." Have you a Junior Red Cross Club in your school or community? We have a meeting every Friday afternoon.

Our Church is Knox Presbyterian Church, Crossland. In our Sunday School we have several lovely pictures which we won for saying verses. I had said the most verses in our class last year and we were the Banner Class.

I am 12 years old, 5 feet tall and weigh about 90 pounds and my birthday is May 24th.

Well, this letter will soon be too long so good-bye till you write. I will tell you more next time.—Isabella Jean Robertson, Ont.

P.S.—Will anyone 12 years old and birthday on May 24th please write me. I will try to answer all.

* * * \

18,000,000 Letters

IF all the letters carried by Trans-Canada Air Lines during 10 months could be laid end to end, they would stretch along the Canadian National Railways main line all the way from Montreal to Saskatoon.

T.C.A. planes have transported as much as 359,399 pounds of mail in this short space of time. Taking the Post Office estimate of an average of 50 letters to the pound this would be 17,969,950 letters. Making it the round figure of 18,000,000 for the sake of easier figuring, and using the average business envelope of six and a half inches, a T.C.A. man whose hobby is goofy statistics, works it out to more than 1,846 miles. The distance from Montreal to Saskatoon is 1,827.7.

Six cents a letter for 18,000,000 letters means considerably more than $1,000,000 in stamps.

TUNE IN ON NATURE

1. To what family of insects does the Red Spider belong?
2. What bird has a six-inch bill with nostrils at the end?
3. What is one difference in the interior arrangement of a bulb and a corm?
4. What is the approximate size of the fossil remains of the dinosaurs?
5. From what part of the tree is commercial cinnamon produced?
6. How thick (about) is the shell of an ostrich egg?
7. What kind, and where is the oldest known tree in the world located?
8. For what distances can moths and butterflies see distinctly?
9. What garden flowers depend principally upon the humming-bird for cross-pollination?
10. Which side of a live oyster touches the sand when it rests on the sea's bottom?

—Madison Cooper's Gardening Magazine.

Safety First

The young reporter who had just joined the staff of the local paper received an awful warning on the dangers and appalling consequences of making ill-founded statements in print. With this fresh in his mind he set off on his first job, to report the sale of work which was being held in a nearby village.

Pale but triumphant he returned and handed his first copy to the editor. "The bazaar," it read, "was opened (so it is said) by Mrs. Brown, alleged to be the wife of Councillor Brown, commonly supposed to be a more or less highly-esteemed tradesman of this town. She was dressed in what some would describe as fashionable attire, and was supported on the platform by the so-called vicar and other reputed ladies and gentlemen."

Mittens to The Rescue

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Mother, I want to know the answer to something that's been puzzling me. When I fell unconscious just as the men reached me, how did it happen that I didn't sink before they could get me out?"

"I was intending to tell you about that later on," smiled his mother. "Your mittens saved you!"

"My mittens?"

"Yes, dear. The wool froze fast to the ice, and when you loosened your grip, one mitten caught on the button on your coat sleeve and that was what held you up until you were rescued." Jim stared at her incredulously, then grinned sheepishly at a sudden memory.

"I'm certainly glad that you insisted on my wearing the mitts this morning," he said.

(The End)

Did Some Good

George: "When I read about the marvels of electricity—well, it makes me stop and think."

Edward: "Well, well! Isn't it wonderful what electricity will do!"

FISH makes tempting, delicious dishes—for delightful lunches—satisfying suppers . . . appetizing snacks. You can easily prepare a grand variety of menus for there are over sixty different kinds of Canadian Food Fish and Shellfish—most of them are available all year 'round.

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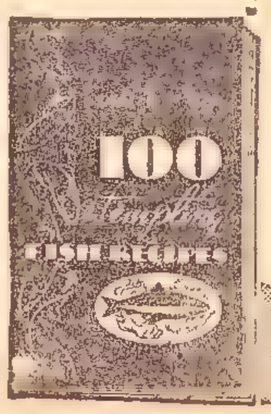

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WHITEFISH FEUD

(Continued from Page 2.)

now. Through the binoculars Alvin could see exhaust spitting from the top of the cabin on the Stanton Lass and then as he gazed through the glasses at it, he suddenly noticed that the tug was running with its stern facing right back at the Kofisco. Rendall was heading on an easterly course instead of a nor'westerly one back towards Port Stanton.

"Rendall is starting out towards the east," Alvin said when he came back to the stern deck to commence picking out fish. "Must be planning on bucking through the field of ice and getting around Amherst Point to Port Basil after a load of nets."

"Willis has got a lot of nets stored in the warehouse at Port Basil," Gord informed, "that's probably what he's after."

"He's running quite a risk in putting the Stanton Lass through that ice; she's an old tug and none too strong for ice bucking," Alvin stated.

"Winds have been strong from the nor'east for a couple of days and the field is pretty well broken up by now, likely." Gord suggested. "That's what he's counting on, anyway."

"Well, he can do whatever he likes," Alvin said with a shrug of his shoulders, "but if it was me I wouldn't want to put that tug into any ice."

For two and a half hours after that the four of them sat silently toiling as the Kofisco rolled lazily in the swells. Occasionally one of them would rise to throw a couple of chunks of coal into their deck stove or dip their gloves into the pail of warm water to help keep cold, stiffened hands as warm as possible. Seldom did one of them speak or pause in that monotonous motion of drawing wet, tangled twine across their oilskin lap from one fish box to another. Finally the last box was completed and preparations made for setting the nets back. No matter how late they got in tonight those nets had to be put back into the lake for tomorrow there would probably be another big lift.

Alvin threw over the air-pressure throttle and the Kofisco's Diesel began to throb. Slowly the long line of nets passed out over the tug's stern.

"The wind's shifted around to nor'-west," Gord called up to the pilot-house from the stern deck. With the weather curtains rolled up to allow setting the nets the wind blew in off the lake in a wintry blast.

But it meant nothing to Alvin and he didn't think about it again until half an hour later Gord called up once more,

"She's right around to west now."

"Shifted right around to the west, eh?'" And then Alvin started. He thought of an old and battered tug fighting its way around Amherst Point through the late winter ice field. The west wind would pack the field tight against the Point. The Stanton Lass, weakened by years of fighting stormy seas, would be pinched and more than likely go to the bottom.

There were no other tugs in sight and they on the Kofisco would be the only ones aware of the peril that the Stanton Lass and her crew were in. The Kofisco was a sturdy tug and could probably smash through and get to the Stanton Lass before it was too late, but Alvin thought of the lift of fish piled on the stern deck. Worth in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars, it was enough to put the Komar Fish Company in good financial standing again, particularly if they get another such lift tomorrow. But by the day after tomorrow with the slump in prices after Easter, it would be practically worthless and if he put the tug into the Amherst Point ice field it would be several days before they could get out and back to Port Stanton. To take the fish back to Port Stanton now would mean the loss of about five hours, and five hours could easily mean the difference between life and death for the crew of the Stanton Lass.

What would Rendall Willis do if he were in charge of the Kofisco and you had the Stanton Lass, Alvin asked himself? Alvin laughed at his imagined question. Rendall would turn back for Port Stanton without a minute of hesitation. But there were others on the tug besides Rendall. What would George Komar do if he were here? For a second Alvin stared off over the whitecaps and then stepped to the pilot-house doorway.

"Untie the nets at the next bridle and put over a buoy!" Alvin ordered them at the stern. "We're clearing out of here!"

(To Be Continued.)

POOR MAN'S FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 5.)

"Well?" enquired the minister after a pause.

"Before I do anything I must see my daughter. There may be a way out."

"There isn't. We're going to see to that—Donald and I."

Fear appeared in his eyes again. Then he said boastfully, "You can try. I'm not going to be frightened by the copy of an out-of-date will. I'll buy Donald off if need be."

The minister spoke quietly. "Perhaps this is the time to break the news. He is your son-in-law from today. I married him to your daughter in the Manse study this morning."

(To Be Continued).

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. A secret disciple of Jesus.
2. To ask for the body of Jesus.
3. He buried it in his own new tomb.
4. To the sepulchre.
5. There was a great earthquake, an angel came from heaven and rolled away the stone.
6. "Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus . . . He is not here; for He is risen as He said." (Matt. 28:6).
7. "But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." (1 Cor. 15:20).

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Keep your WITS WORKING

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in sugar. It isn't in tea,
My 2nd's in payment. It isn't in fee,
My 3rd's in right. It isn't in wrong,
My 4th's in chant. It's also in song,
My 5th's in trample. It isn't in walk,
My 6th's in parley. It isn't in talk,
My 7th's in stare. It isn't in look,
My 8th's in take. It's also in took,
My 9th's in rip. It's also in tear,
My 10th's in rabbit. It isn't in hare,
My 11th's in Charlie. It isn't in Tim,
My 12th's in sink. It isn't in swim,
My 13th's in Scotland. It isn't in France,
My 14th's in sword. It isn't in lance,
My 15th's in Halt! It isn't in Go!
My 16th's in Yes! It isn't in No!

We are told of my whole in our paper this week.

It's not very hard if you've patience to seek.

IRISH PUNNING RIDDLES

1. What county puts you in mind of an automobile with a "flat"?
2. What county never goes up in the world?
3. What county has a lady's name?
4. What county reminds you of the coming summer?
5. What county makes you think of secret progress?
6. What counties have to do with Royalty?

TWISTED MOUNTAINS
(Ireland)

1. RENOUM. 2. BINLUD. 3. KILWWOC. 4. DOCKKNOMWILEN. 5. STIRLACKSB. 6. KSRESEDUCLIILYACAG.

What's round at each end and high in the middle?—Ohio.

"Great Scott! That stick gave me a nasty spill!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheadings and Curtailings — Chateau—Hate, Label—Abel, Steal—Teal, Cellar—Ella.

Enigma—A nail.

TWISTED TOWNS
(Ireland)

1. LINUBD, 2. ALFSTEB, 3. RYELDONNDOR, 3. RRPPAIYTE, 4. MICKRILE, 4. FOXDREW.

TWISTED RIVERS
(Ireland)

1. NEBOY, 2. FILEYF, 3. LEOYF, 4. NNNOSHA, 5. ELE, 6. GALNAG.

When may a man be said to have breakfast before he gets up?—When he has a roll in bed.

Fond Parent—Now what is the matter?

Child—Boo, hoo, Billy dropped the towel in the water and he's dried me wetter than I was before.

A rather small boy asked a foreman in a shop for a job.

"What can you do, sonny?" asked the foreman.

"Anything," replied the boy.

"Can you file smoke?" queried the foreman.

"Yes, sir, if you'll screw it in the vise for me," answered the boy. He got the job.

Gasps and Giggles

Teacher—"So you went to the dentist with a toothache. Does it still ache?" "I don't know," said the child.

"Don't know! How is it that you don't know whether your tooth aches or not?"

"Please, teacher," came the shaky answer, "the dentist kept it."

Father (admiring his recently born son)—That fellow will be a great statesman one of these days.

Mother—Oh, Charles dear, do you really think he will?

Father—Sure of it—look how easily he wriggles out of things.

VERY PECULIAR

Old Lady: "What is your little brother's name?"

Boy: "We call him 'Flannel'."

Old Lady: "How peculiar! Why?"

Boy: "Because he shrinks from washing."

"I don't want to complain, cook," said her mistress, "but that friend who comes to see you stops much too late. I couldn't get to sleep last night because of her laughter."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," replied the cook. "I was telling her about the time you tried to make a cake."

Jack: "Yes, I had money in the bank not long ago, but since I became engaged it has all gone."

Tom: "Never mind, love makes the world go round."

Jack: "Perhaps, but I never thought it would go round fast enough to make me lose my balance."

Mother (to small son who is going to a party): "Now, dear, what are you going to do when you've had enough to eat?"

Little Tommy: "Come home."

Historic Building

St. Peter's Church, Bermuda, is one of the oldest churches in the Western Hemisphere. Its rare, old silver communion service dates back to 1684. It is lighted with old-fashioned candle lamps and its walls are ornamented with history-telling marble-scrolls.

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CHEESE TWINS

Cream very well together 1-3 cup butter and ¼ lb. yellow soft cream cheese, and when thoroughly blended sift in 1½ cups pastry flour and blend thoroughly. Shape into long round roll about 2½ inches in diameter and chill overnight. When ready to bake cut into ⅛ inch slices with sharp knife (as you would ice box cookies) and bake at 500 deg. Fahr. for about 4 minutes. Cookies must be kept cold and oven must be excessively hot to make them puff. Do not burn.

Whn ready to serve put together with teaspoon of orange marmalade, (Tart Jams may be perferred such as grape or black currant). These melt in your mouth and are perfect with tea or coffee.

HONEY-BRAN MUFFINS

½ cup honey, 1 cup flour, ¼ to ½ teaspoon soda, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 2 cups bran, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 1-2 cups milk and 3-4 cup of finely cut walnuts.

Sift together the flour, soda, salt; mix them with the bran. Add the other ingredients, beating well. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes in a hot oven in gem tins. This will make 16 large muffins, each of which may be considered to contain approximately 100 calories.

HONEY CRISP COOKIES

½ cup shortening, ½ cup honey, 1-2 cup sour cream, 1 1-2 teaspoons soda, 1-2 cup nut meats, chopped, ½ cup chopped dates, 2 eggs (well beaten), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup corn flakes, nutmeg and vanilla flavoring.

Cream shortening and honey. Add eggs and sour cream. Sift flour with baking powder, salt, soda and add to first mixture. Stir in dates, nuts and corn flakes. Add flavoring. Drop with dessert spoon on buttered pan and bake in moderate oven. Makes about 24.

FOR A NEW WORLD

God grant us wisdom in these coming days,
And eyes unsealed, that we clear visions see
Of that new world that He would have us build,
To life's ennoblement and His high ministry.

God give us sense—God-sense, of life's new needs,
And souls aflame with new-born chivalries—
To cope with those black growths that foul the ways—
To cleanse our poisoned founts with God-born energies.

To pledge our souls to nobler, loftier life,
To win the world to His fair santities,
To bind the nations in a pact of peace,
To free the soul of life for finer loyalties.

Not since Christ died upon His lonely cross
Has time such prospect held of life's new birth;
Not since the world of chaos first was born
Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth.

Not of our own might can we hope to rise
Above the ruts and failures of the past.
But with His help who did the first earth build,
With hearts courageous we may fairer build this last.

—John Oxenham.

Always Ready to Listen

JANETTE STEVENSON MURRAY

"THAT guy next door can sure play ball," said Ned as he hung around the kitchen watching his mother fix the salad. Then he went on talking about the ball game and how the new boy had made a home run.

"Oh, go away, now, Ned. See, you are in my way," answered Mother.

"But I wanted to tell you about the new boy."

"What new boy?"

"Ah, shucks! That's always the way, Mother, you never seem to hear a word I say. Why can't you listen?"

"I'm so busy; but tell me once more, and I'll listen this time."

Ned went over the home run again.

"Who was it made the home run?" his mother interrupted absent-mindedly as she finished cutting the celery. "Oh, yes, the boy next door, of course. Now go on," and she began dicing apples.

But Ned gave his mother an exasperated look, shrugged his shoulders and slipped out of the kitchen.

The next afternoon, Ned's mother was invited to a neighbor's for tea. Some women were discussing their high school children. One said that the day after a party, her Barbara was always anxious to talk about the interesting things that had happened—her partners, the other girls' dresses, what this one had said and that one, and so on

"Oh, isn't that interesting!" exclaimed another woman. "My daughter is in the same crowd but she never tells me a thing. How do you get Barbara to talk? Do you ask her?"

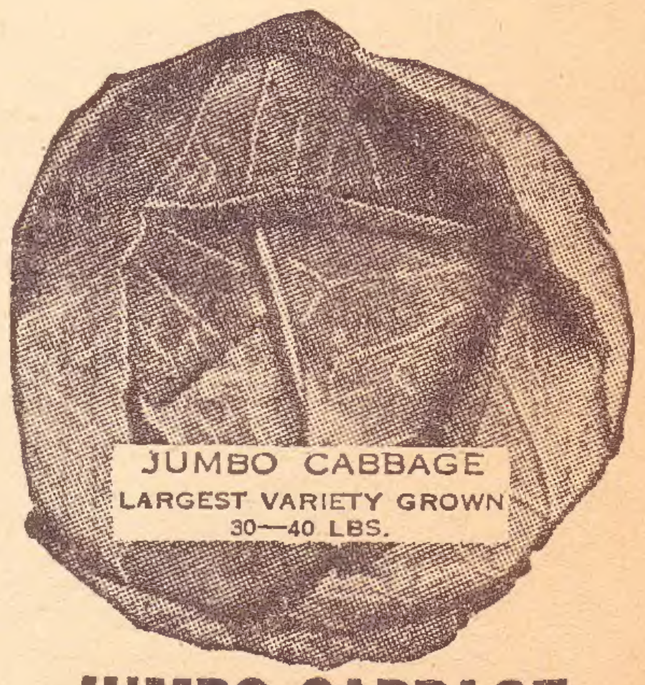
"No, I've found it best to wait until she wants to discuss things. I'll confess I am eager to hear all that concerns her now-a-days, although when she was small it bored me to listen to her. I believe this disposition to take little part in the interests of our six- to fourteen-year-old children is an almost universal failing of parents. Some way, we do not realize that unless we listen to our young children, we seldom have a chance to listen to these same children when they are adolescents, just when we are most anxious for their confidence and feel that they are growing away from us—perhaps even losing faith. I had to learn this from experience. As I said, when Barbara was a little girl, I wearied of her constant chatter and tried to go on reading, planning my new dress, or arranging the meals, but just the minute I began answering in an absent-minded manner, she would stop talking and slip away."

"That's exactly what Ned did last night when he tried to tell me what the boy next door did at their ball game," thought Ned's mother to herself. "When he found that I didn't know a word he had said, he just stopped talking and disappeared. If I listen to all he has to say now, I wonder if he'll want to tell me about his affairs when he is sixteen?"

And then Barbara's mother's voice broke in upon her musings.

"You see when we pay a price we are apt to get returns; the price we pay for our child's confidence is being always ready to listen attentively when he wants to talk."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)



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Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, MARCH 15, 1940.

"A MIGHTY ARMY"

NONE of the Christian denominations have a more noble or inspiring history than the Salvation Army. It is just seventy-five years since the young Methodist minister, William Booth and his wife Catherine started the East End Mission in London, England.

A little later the name was changed to the Christian Mission. In a declaration of its principles, the sentence appeared, "The Christian Mission is a *Salvation Army.*" The name and the organization "clicked." It became an army with military titles, military discipline and a most militant program. We sometimes sing,

"Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God",

but it must be confessed that often the "military virtues" are not very conspicuous. They have been with the Salvation Army from the beginning.

It attacked sin where it was deeply intrenched and as a consequence it met with opposition and persecution, — sometimes on the part of those who should have known better.

From the beginning the Social Work of the Army has gone hand-in-hand with its Religious work,—or to speak more correctly, its social work has been part of its religious work. God has joined the two together, so that they cannot be put asunder.

"The Army" has become world-wide in its operations. While standing steadily to its fundamental principles it has shown a wonderful elasticity and adaptability in dealing with people of various races and of different orders of civilization.

The Great War came as a challenge to the Salvation Army and they met it nobly. They had members and friends in all the embattled nations.—Their charity had a truly divine quality—it was like the sun which the Heavenly Father causes to rise on the evil and on the good and the rain which He sends alike on the just and unjust.

The Army preaches a "Free Salvation." It is told how during the War its ministration of bodily comforts was free to those who could not pay, their sole qualification being their need. The Salvation Army doughnuts gained international fame, and the darning of socks for the soldiers and other little home-like attentions were a wonderful help in keeping up both the "morale" and the moral strength of men going through a terrible ordeal.

After the War the Army had another gigantic task in helping to rehabilitate those who were so sadly stricken. For decades it had what might be called a "Missing Persons Department" through which it reforged the links of sundered families. This work increased manifold with the unsettling of thousands of individuals and many whole populations during the War and the succeeding years.

Under General George L. Carpenter the constitution of the Army has taken on a more democratic character, but its efficiency is as great as ever.

The present War has again challenged the Army and again it has met the challenge with its old courage and with old and new ways of doing good to body and soul.

"Come forward with knitting needle and sewing machine," was the call to women Salvationists, members of the Home League and other women friends, issued by General Evangeline Booth, retiring commander of the Salvation Army. She urged women to meet the demands for service to the fighting forces, in an appeal issued from international headquarters in London at the beginning of this war.

"There is no time to lose," she warned. "The men will need additional warm socks, the children will need warm dresses, the poor women, with husbands at the front, will need warm stockings, shawls and blankets. I therefore hope that this call will reach the heart of everyone who possesses any gift at all of creation with needle and thread, that we may unitedly do something to meet the great demand.

"I call the knitting needles into service. . . I call the sewing machines into service. . . I call various commodities into service. . . I call upon whatever money you can afford to give, or even sacrifice."

Miss Booth's stirring appeal is bearing abundant fruit.

The 10-day drive covering the whole of Canada, to fill the Army's coffers, commences on March 11. The Dominion objective of the campaign has been set at $1,000,000. Sixty per cent of the amount obtained will be devoted to war services in Canada and overseas, while the remainder will be used to carry on the Salvation Army Home Services.

To help in the work of the Salvation Army is a very great privilege. We are confident that Canada's response to the present appeal will be hearty and generous. This call of the Salvation Army is of such importance that if we can help at all we must do so.

Determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.— I Corinth. 2:2.

I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live . . . I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me.— Galatians 2:20.

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me. Whosoever will save his life shall lose it. Whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.— Matthew 16:24, 25.

St. Patrick—the Man

OUTSIDE our Dominion holidays no "national" anniversary is so generally observed in Canada as St. Patrick's Day. We remember one 17th of March seeing a Chinese resident of Montreal sporting brilliant green sleeves in his Oriental jacket and accounting for the brilliance of his costume by the explanation "All Irish today! All Irish today!"'

St. Patrick was a great man and seems all the greater when we penetrate through the mass of misconception and legend that has grown around his name to the man himself. First of all, his name originally was not Patrick. It was Succat, a Celtic name. Like many other teachers he was afterwards affectionately called Patricius (Father). Secondly, though undoubterly "a saint",—that is a sincere Christian man,—he was never officially "canonized."

He himself tells the outline of his story. His home was in "Bannavem Taberniae." Where this place was we do not know. The date of his birth is equally uncertain. Both his father and grandfather were clergymen, the celibacy of the clergy not being enforced by the Roman ecclesiastical authorities till a much later period. His father was also a farmer and a town councillor.

Though brought up in a good home, Succat as a lad took little interest in religion. When he was about sixteen, his country was raided by pirates. He was carried off with many others and sold as a slave to a chieftain named Milchu of the district now known as county Antrim in Northern Ireland.

While out on the bleak hillside minding his master's cattle, he thought of the things he had learned at home. He spent much time in prayer. In his own words, "I earnestly sought God and then I found Him."

After six years of captivity he escaped on a ship. Landing in Gaul, he accompanied the crew in their wanderings through a country desolated by war. "I hoped," he says, "that some of them would come to the faith of Jesus Christ, for they were heathens, and for this reason I stayed with them."

He tells how after a few years he was among his kindred in Britain, but that he ever thought about heathen Ireland. A vision came to him which he interpreted as a call to bring the Gospel to that country. His friends tried to dissuade him. They criticized his lack of learning. They spoke of the danger of a mission to the heathen. He is careful to explain that "they did not do this out of malice."

After some years' study and preparation he sailed for Ireland as a Christian missionary. There were already Christians in the country, but they were feeble and few. In 431 A.D. Palladius had been sent by Pope Celestine to minister to these scattered Christians. That mission ended in failure.

The generally received date of Patrick's mission is 432 A.D., though some authorities place it much earlier.

The Celtic church of Britain in the early part of the 5th century had little or nothing to do with Rome and there is nothing in Patrick's writings to indicate that he had his commission from the Pope.

Patrick and his companions touched at various places on the east coast of Ireland. They landed at Strangford Lough in the north. From there the missionaries extended their work throughout Ireland.

Patrick was often in danger but he says, "I have cast myself into the hands of God Almighty, for He ruleth everywhere, as the prophet saith: 'Cast thy care upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee.'"

His work and that of his companions and of his Irish converts and co-workers met abundant success. He gives the glory to God, "Who am I, O Lord, or what is my calling, that Thou hast worked together with me, with such Divine Power?" He confesses that he has often desired to visit his kindred in Britain and his friends in Gaul, but he says that he is bound in the Spirit who witnesses to him that he must stay at the post of duty. He died in A.D. 461.

Many fantastic legends have gathered round the name of St. Patrick. Among them is the story that he drove the "snakes" out of Ireland. Of course it is a picturesque way of saying that he drove heathenism with its evil practices from the country.

With the skill of a modern missionary in India or China, he sought to encourage what was best in the Celtic civilization while filling it with a new life from the Gospel. Though not a great scholar himself, he encouraged education so that a little later, when Roman civilization in Europe was submerged under the flood of barbarian tribes, the Irish schools and Irish missionaries played a great part in keeping the lamp of truth burning.

Various Christian churches of the present day claim Patrick as their especial property. The best way to think of him is as a member of the Church Universal. Had he lived today he would be,—as he was in his own day,—a great missionary and a great reformer with a great love for God and for his fellow men.

The presence of the Lord Jesus with His people is the help in all trouble and the great inspiration in all effort,

Christ be with me, Christ within me
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

(St. Patrick's Hymn. C.F. Alexander.)

A GREAT LEADER OF A GREAT CAUSE

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, founder and leader of the Salvation Army from 1865 to 1912.

The Army has preached the Gospel in 104 languages in 97 different countries. Their work for the needy is well known.

Their work for our oversea soldiers is beyond praise. This week they are receiving gifts great or small for their magnificent work. We must not fail them. They may help someone dear to us in time of need. At least we can help them to minister in the name of One Who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

"It is only through obedience to His guidance in personal matters that God can use individuals to put the world right." — Councillor C. G. Murray, Pres. of Winchester Chamber of Commerce, Winchester, England.